

Newborn Immortal

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Newborn Immortal

> <meta name="Author"> newb thors notes: The actress who plays Captain Lochely has guest starred on Highlander before. The character in this story will be
>both the Highlander and the B5 one. <p>This story takes place just after the beginning of the fifth season. Immediately after Lochley arrives on station. Nothing else besides
that will follow the fifth season story line.

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<p>

It had been a rough day, and Captain Elizabeth Lochley needed a stress reliever. That was why she was walking through the

>deserted corridors of the station near medlab five. She'd never been down here before, since this medlab was only used for
autopsies and cryogenic storage. It was in short the morgue of Babylon 5, and she'd long ago made it a general rule to avoid
>morgues. In her life she'd had plenty of time and reasons to develop an aversion to death. Being around the dead just reminded her
of all the people she'd lost, all the mortal friends who'd grown old and died. The ones who'd been lost to war or disease, and the
>others. Her immortal friends who'd been lost to the game. <p>

It was during her ruminations about death that she felt it--an

immortal signature. But, not quite, something was wrong. It felt almost
>like an immortal, but more like a pre-immortal. But, not exactly like either. The closest thing she could compare it to was the feeling
a pre-immortal gave off when coming back from their first death. Except it was a constant feeling, it wasn't changing. If this was a
>pre-immortal reviving, then the feeling should have risen to a full immortal buzz by now. Something was definitely off kilter here.
<p>

She rounded the corner, following the signal, and came face to face with the cryo-units. It suddenly began to make sense. At
>sometime in the past, a pre-immortal had died and someone had frozen him before a full revival was possible. Just great, like

explaining to someone how they came back from the dead wasn't hard enough already. Now she'd have to try it months, years?

>after the fact. And who ever it was could just forget about continuing on with whatever life they'd had before, they'd have to do a
really good disappearing act. It was obvious to any one who'd know them that they were D.E.A.D. I hope whoever it was wasn't

>that well known or I'm going to have a hell of a time smuggling them around this station. <p>

"Damn it all! This is just my luck." Lochley was cursing her fate as she read the name plate on the unit that was giving off the
>buzz. He couldn't have been much better known if he was Sheridan himself. The entire station had know, and been friends with the

guy. Every single one of her command staff, the President, most of the ambassadors. She just knew that it was going to be

>impossible to smuggle this guy off of the station without anyone noticing. ****DAMNDAMNDAMN**** She kept on cursing her fate
as she walked away from the cryo-unit. She had some serious planning to do before she could revive Marcus Cole from his death.

****What on earth could that witch want?**** It was the only thought going through his mind as his current identity of "Adam
>Dawson" was checked through security at the B5 docking port. Cassandra had called him all the way out here from earth because

she needed a "favor." ****Well, whatever it is it better be bloody good. She knows how I hate space travel**** Quelling the thought

>that this might all be a perverse ploy to torture him, he looked over at the security guard who was taking an eternity to process his

identificard. ****Might as well get this over with****

"I'm here visiting an "old" friend, Captain Lochley. I wonder if you could direct me to her office?" He watched in amusement as
>the guard became much more pleasant in reaction to his question.
<p>

"You're visiting the Captain? Would you like me to notify her of your arrival? Do you need any help finding quarters?" Inwardly he
>was laughing at the guard's new "helpful" manner. ****I've only been waiting here for a bloody hour**** Outwardly he was the perfect

picture of neutrality.

"Yes, that would be most helpful." As the guard began to hustle him off down a corridor, Methos thought back....

>*Flash Back-- Bordeaux, France 1996* <p>

"What about Cassandra?"

>At Macleod's words he paused in the gloomy graveyard outside Bordeaux. **What About Cassandra?** It was a question that
had haunted him for two millennia, and probably would for many more. There was no way to take back what he had done to her, >and nothing he could do to make up for it. He had killed her, enslaved her, and raped her. Even saving her life twice in the past few
days couldn't even make a dent in the debt he owed her. He would owe her forever.

"One of a thousand regrets, Macleod. One of a thousand regrets."

>*End Flashback* <p>

It'd been over a hundred years before he had even seen Cassandra again. Her anger had faded some, but not by much. And she'd >made sure he knew just how much he owed her, and had informed him that she would be collecting the debt one day. <p>

And she had, several times in fact. It looked like she was going to again. But he knew that Still he owed her. So when she had

>called, he came. He was just bloody curious as to what this was all about. She wasn't helpless, and her current position was
actually quite safe from the stresses of the game. No one would dare challenge her in a space station. The quickening could blow >the place sky high. So what in the hell did she need him here for? <p>

"You want me to WHAT?"

>She let out a sigh of exasperation. **I guess I'm going to have to explain it like he's a five year old instead of a 5,000 year old** "I
want you to steal a corpse from cryo-storage."

"You want me to appropriate this dead body, and then? Tell me there's a point to this Cassandra."

It didn't help her temper any that Methos was staring at her like she was an imbecile. She gritted her teeth, counted to ten, and >tried again to explain the situation to the stubborn old mule that was standing in the middle of her office. "The corpse in question is
a pre-immortal. If we don't free him from cryo-storage, he'll be frozen for all time."

"Ah, I see. It makes SO much sense now why you called me. Why didn't you just do it yourself."

She was beginning to wish she had done it by herself. She was also beginning to wish for a sword. But, practicality wins out in the

>end. "When he wakes up he's going to need a teacher. And since he can't stay on the station without someone recognizing him,
and I

can't leave, well. . ."

"You thought I could teach him? Are you out of your mind? Do you know how long its been since I had a student?"

Now, that brought a smile to her face. "Well, then its high time for it, isn't it?" She could tell that he realized his fate was sealed.

>"You can get started immediately, he's in Medlab 5. I'll make sure you aren't disturbed. Don't worry, nothing can go wrong." <p>

It had actually gone according to plan. He'd gotten in to medlab using the "borrowed" codes that the captain had provided. Getting

>the body out of cryo had also gone without a hitch. He'd convinced the computer on the unit that there was still a body inside so no

alarms would sound after he'd removed Marcus. He'd even managed to smuggle the body out of medlab using the laundry cart that

>he'd appropriated from the station dry cleaners. It had been utterly flawless. Which left him in his temporary quarters waiting for a

corpse to revive.

He awoke with a gasp of pain. Moaning, Marcus rolled off of the bed that he was on and took in his surroundings. The first thing
>he noticed was that this was not medlab. The second was that Susan was no where in sight. Finally, he realized that he was not

alone. There was a man in the corner of the room watching him.

"Who are you, where am I, where is Susan?" Marcus was beginning to get panicky. Did it work, had Susan survived? The need to
>know what was going on began to send him over the edge of reason into a full blown panic attack. <p>

"If you'll just be silent for a second, I'll tell you everything you need to know." Methos tried to cut into the fog that was beginning to

>surround the newly awakened immortal. <p>

"First off, my name is Adam. You're in my quarters and Captain Ivanova is not on the station anymore. You've been in stasis for a

>year and a lot has happened that you need to know about." He tried to gage whether his words were having any effect on the
confused man. He couldn't really tell, but he had to continue with his explanation.

"I know this is going to seem hard to believe, but you've died and come back to life. You are immortal, as am I. We cannot die, we

>don't age." Methos knew this was going to be the hardest part for Marcus to stomach. So far the young immortal was just staring
at him. There would soon be an outburst, after Methos told him the next part.

"We can live forever, if we can survive the game." After that statement, Methos sat back to await THE question.

He didn't have to wait long. "Game? Immortals? What in bloody hell are you talking about?"

"Immortals fight each other to death, that is the game. In the end, there can be only one. We fight with swords, to kill your enemy

>you must take his head. When you do that you get his quickening. All of his knowledge and power are transferred to you through a
kind of electrical discharge. That's about all you need to know, except for a few other rules. Number one, no fighting on holy
>ground. That's holy for any religion, any race. Number two, fights are one on one. No involving mortals in our battles. You already

know the last rule. There can be only one."

That said, Methos sat back to await Marcus's response. It was typical of a newborn. He wanted to see someone from his old life.

>Namely, he wanted to see Susan Ivanova. Methos was forced to tell Marcus that he could never see Susan again. That she, and

everyone else, thought he was dead. He told Marcus that they would be leaving Babylon 5 as soon as possible. Marcus was not

>happy about it, but really he could see the logic (especially after Methos killed him to prove that this immortal story wasn't bogus)

So, plans were made to smuggle the Ranger off of the station within two days time.

Doctor Stephen Franklin was making his "special" rounds of medlab 5. It was a personal practice that he did every six months. No
>one knew that he did this because he was kind of embarrassed about it. Every six months, he went down to the cryounits and
checked to make sure all the bodies were still there. It was a little bit of paranoia and superstition on his part that brought him to
>the medlab twice annual like clockwork. As a small child, his maternal grandmother use to regal him with stories of vampires,

zombies and body snatchers. Now while he was quite aware that none of these sort of things existed in real life, he just could not

>help checking to make sure. This little piece of bizarre reasoning is why he had never told anyone that he did these checks. He just

did them to satisfy his own morbid personality quirks.

When he did the checks of the cryounits, he didn't just rely on the computer readings to determine if everything was normal. He

>actually opened them up and looked in them. It took him a while to manually look in all of the units, but he was almost finished now.

There were only two units left. He checked the last one first, because the second to last one was different than the others. This

>one had the body of a friend in it. It was Marcus's unit. <p>

He steeled himself, and opened the unit. It was empty.

President John Sheridan was not looking forward to making this call. He had absolutely no idea how to break this news to Susan.

>He wouldn't have believed it himself, except he'd seen the evidence with his own eyes. Someone had stolen Marcus's body from
the cryounit in Medlab.

According to the evidence that Zack was able to put together, whoever had done this had been a pro. There was no sign of
>computer tampering on the unit, no records of unauthorized entry into the facility, and absolutely no trace of what had happened to

Marcus. Security was currently sorting through months of film from the security cam located in the hall outside of Medlab. No one

>was holding out any hope that the footage would give them a clue as to what happened. That left him with the bad news to deliver,

without one iota of hope to deliver with it.

He hadn't believed it when Stephen had told him about what happened with Susan in Medlab after Marcus died. No one had
>known that Ivanova cared so much about the Ranger. After hearing about what happened, he hadn't been surprised when Susan
declined his offer of command of Babylon 5 in favor of a ship. Upset, yes, but not surprised.

He had barely talked to her since then, even though it had been months since Marcus's death. It wasn't for lack of trying on his

>part, it was just that Susan had been . . . silent. It was as if she was existing in a liminal state on the edge of life and death. The

cares of the living world were beyond her, and the peace of death were denied to her.

So it was with trepidation that he placed the call on the Babcom unit. He knew that she had to be told, and she deserved to hear it

>from him, not some dry bureaucratic report. But there was no telling how the new Susan Ivanova was going to react to this news. <p>

>Susan Ivanova was not having a good day. She had a mountain of paperwork on the last three missions to fill out, not to mention

requisition reports and crew transfers. Between all that and the massive head ache she'd had upon waking this morning, her day
>was anything but peachy. She couldn't possibly image what else could go wrong. <p>

Her link went off, this couldn't be could. She had to remember to stop jinxing herself by saying stupid lines like that.

>"Ivanova, go"
"Captain?" It was the voice of her second in command, a thoroughly annoying woman if there ever was one. How someone with

>so little self-confidence could have risen as far in the ranks of Earthforce as she had was beyond Susan. <p>

"What is it, Lieutenant?" She was trying really hard to keep the exasperation out of her voice.

>"You have a call coming in from Babylon 5, its President Sheridan. He says that it's an emergency, Captain." "Put him through"
Susan was surprised, and concerned. She had really kept up with John since she'd left B5. She just couldn't take anything that
>reminded her of that place, and him. She knew John had understood that, and the communication between them over the past
several

months had been scarce. So whatever was making him place an emergency call now must be deadly serious.

"John, what's up?" As she waited for the answer, Susan studied his face for a clue as to what the current situation was. He looked

>extremely uncomfortable, and maybe even down right nervous.
<p>

"Susan, I don't know how to say this, so I'm just going to come right out with it. Someone has taken Marcus." Susan was just
>staring at him, that couldn't be good.
"Did you here what I said, Susan?"

>"Yes, I did. What do you mean 'Taken Marcus?' Taken him where, John?" Sheridan was getting even more fidgety by the minute,
what the hell was going on over there?

>"We don't know Susan. Someone stole his body from the cryounit in Medlab. So far the investigation has yielded no information. I

thought that you would want to know."

>Damn straight she wanted to know, and she was going to make sure that something was done about this. She'd make sure that
Marcus was brought back home if she had to search every corner of the universe to do it.

"I'll be there within a day, John. We should arrive at 0900." She gave Sheridan a good hard stare that dared him to question her

>about this. He wisely didn't.
"We'll be expecting you then, Susan."

>Methos was drilling Marcus on the particulars of their escape plan.

"Now remember, you must keep the hood up at all times and don't speak. You're identicard indicates that you are a member of a

>religious order that can neither be seen nor heard by outsiders. I am supposed to be your liaison with the outside world, so let me

do all the talking. Everything will work fine if you just remember to keep your head covered and your mouth shut. Do you think you

>can do that?"
"Of course, I'm not incompetent you know. When are we leaving?"

>"Tomorrow, 0850." <p>

>Methos jostled his way through the crowded docking bay guiding the hooded Marcus by his arm. So far everything had gone
without a hitch. This was precisely why he was hurrying to get off the station. Methos wasn't a big believer in good fortune. He
>could feel disaster looming closer with every second they remained on Babylon 5. <p>

They were standing in the customs line when he noticed her. Marcus heard her before he saw her--Susan. She was standing in the

>incoming line talking with Sheridan and Delenn. She was as beautiful as ever, but she was also clearly upset about something. He
had never seen her look so distraught before, she was on the verge of tears.

****I am NOT going to cry, I am NOT going to cry****

>Susan Ivanova was going to cry, she just knew it. She wasn't JUST going to cry, though. She was going to break down and bawl
like a baby. This feeling had started the moment her ship left the jump gate and she laid eyes upon Babylon 5. It had intensified on >the shuttle ride over, and now that she was actually standing station side it was almost unbearable. Having to talk to John and
Delenn about . . . that, made the feeling overwhelming. She was gonna cry, and there was not a damn thing she could do to stop it.

Marcus was heartbroken watching her in such pain. He wanted to go wrap her up in his arms and comfort her. Adam wasn't >watching, he was preoccupied with the guards checking through their ID's. Surely he wouldn't notice if he just moved a little ways
off to get closer to Ivanova. Maybe he could reassure her with his presence. She wouldn't know, of course, but he'd always

>noticed how his just being there seemed to calm her. Perhaps it would work this time. He had to do something, he couldn't stand
for her to be in such pain.

Susan felt a loving warmth blanketing her senses. She didn't recognize the particular source of the feeling, but she did know

>generally what it was. Ever since Marcus had hooked them up to that machine, she'd been feeling feelings that were external in
their sources. Somehow the machine had mutated her latent telepathy into a form of empathy. Whenever anyone was feeling >strong emotions towards her, she could feel them too. It scared the hell out of her, but there was no denying that the ability was
there.

She looked closely at John and Delenn trying to figure out which one of them was projecting at her. But it wasn't either of them, >the feeling was coming from . . . <p>

John and Delenn exchanged worried glances as Susan began scanning the room. It appeared as if she was looking for someone. >They were both very concerned. One minute she was on the verge of a breakdown and the next she's sizing up the docking bay
population for potential . . . threats? Neither of them was exactly sure what precisely she was looking for.

It was, then, with some consternation that they watched her zero in on one particular occupant of the bay. It was with even more

>unease that they observed her stomping over to the hooded monk. And it was with drop-dead shock that they saw her uncover the
monk to reveal . . . Marcus Cole.

>His first thought when he saw the irrate look that graced Susan Ivanova's face was ****Thank Valen she can't kill me**** However,
as her fist began making a slow arc towards his head, he realized the folly of that thought. Not being able to permanently kill him

>would only mean she could make it hurt that much more. This was the last coherent thought he would have for awhile since he
was currently laying in an unconscious heap at Susan's feet.

The entire docking bay was staring in stunned silence at the insane woman looming over the figure unconscious on the floor
>beneath her. The air was deadly still, till a moan from Marcus drew everyone's attention back to the original source of the problem.

That was when pandemonium struck.

Susan was grabbing Marcus by his robes and furiously shaking him, shouting at him all the while to tell her what in the hell was

>going on. John was rushing over to Susan to try and prevent her from seriously injuring someone. Delenn was on the Babcom unit
telling Dr Franklin that he was about to have patients in the docking bay. Zack was reporting the incident to Lochley, and Methos
>was standing in the shadows cursing fate, bad luck, Cassandra and the Universe in general. <p>

Stephen Franklin could hear Susan's yelling before his tube even reached the docking bay. When the door to the lift opened, he

>almost missed exiting before they closed again. He had been struck immobile with shock. There in the middle of a gathering crowd,

Susan Ivanova stood pummeling Marcus Cole to death in spite of the fact that Marcus had definitely been dead already.

President Sheridan was trying to pull her off, but she was really quite hysterical. She wasn't really hurting him though, she was just

>making him bleed--a lot. Stephen's quick once over was enough to convince him that Marcus was in no immediate danger. **in
fact, he looks really good for a dead man.**

"Susan!" With the combined efforts of Sheridan and Franklin, they were able to pull Ivanova off of Marcus and convince her to let

>Stephen try to figure out what was going on. So, Stephen walked up to Marcus grabbed his arm and proceeded to drag him bodily
to Medlab. Sheridan, Susan, Delenn and a few stragglers from the crowd followed them in.

Once they had reached Medlab, and he had ensured himself that Marcus was indeed alright, he began to run a complete physical
>on the Ranger. What he found astonished and confused him. He called Sheridan, Delenn, and a now calmer Susan, into the exam
room with him and Marcus.

"Do you want to tell us what's going on Marcus?" Stephen was looking to him for some kind of explanation. They were all staring
>at him, especially Susan. It was beginning to make him extremely nervous. **What in the bloody hell am I going to tell them?**
<p>

"Marcus, whatever it is . . . you know you can trust us with it don't you?"
>**Bugger, what do I tell them?** <p>

"Well, you see . . . it's like this . . ." He was cut off mid sentence when Captain Lochley entered the room. "Perhaps I can

>explain." Everyone turned to stare at her at the sound of these

words. <p>

Captain Lochley had insisted on explaining things somewhere a little more private than Medlab. So it was, that one hour later
>Susan, Stephen, John and Delenn all arrived outside the door to Lochley's quarters. When they entered, they discovered Marcus,

Lochley, and another man waiting for them. Lochley sat them all down and began explaining, but first she extracted from each of

>them a vow of secrecy. <p>

The first words out of her mouth were "what I am about to tell you can never go beyond these walls." Susan was sure that this
>was being just a little over the top melodramatic. But, she and all the others swore to never repeat this conversation so that they

could actually find out what was going on. The story they were told was really incredible. It was almost unbelievable, people living

>forever, chasing each other around with swords, trying to chop peoples heads off. It was insane, and then Lochley expects

everyone to believe that she was over three thousand years old, and that she had arranged to steal Marcus's body out of Medlab

>because he was immortal too. It was too ridiculuos to be believed, but then she had cut her arm and it had healed... <p>

It had been two weeks since the revelation in Lochley's quarters. Since then some major changes had happened on the station.

>Lochley had transferred off of B5, it seemed she couldn't stand Marcus's new teacher. And since Marcus was resuming his
duties as a ranger, he and Adam were staying on board the station. So she left. Susan had been made the new Captain of Babylon
>5 and things were running as smoothly as could be expected so far. But it was getting strained for her, she had been busily
spending the last two weeks avoiding the ranger and her feelings for him.

Recently, however, she had found herself drawn to the ranger training room in down below where Adam was teaching Marcus the
>art of the sword. It was beautiful to watch, there was just something about an Englishman with a sword. Watching him from the

shadows she resolved to do something about her feelings this very night.

****the next day****

>There had been some strange happenings on the station recently. As security chief Zack made it his job to be aware of all

occurrences on B5, even the ones that didn't qualify as technically under his jurisdiction. You could just never tell where the next

>security crisis could pop up from. So it was that he reviewed the reports from his less than official contacts on a few of the more

unusual happenings on the station.

>1. Two maintenance men reported finding a hidden stash of station issue bug killer in Ambassador Mollari's quarters.
2. Delenn requisitioned a new ranger uniform for Marcus, stating that he had informed her that his old one had met with an
>accident. It appeared to have been literally torn from his body.

3. C&C reported being concerned for Captain Ivanova's mental

health. She was apparently in a, as described by Lt Corwin,

>"Chipper" mood. <p>

=====

>the end--use your own imagination. The gods know you can all write
better smut than I ever could.
Marti

End
file.